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MR. V. ARAVAMUDA IYENGAR, B.A., L.T., *Editor-in-Chief.*

Vol. II. MADURA—SEPTEMBER 1926 No. 9

NON-ATTACHMENT

BY MR. P. V. AGHORAM IYER, B.A., B.L., Palghat.

"He alone can be trusted with gifts who will present a face of bronze to expectations"
Thoraeau.

Non-attachment is an ethical and metaphysical doctrine evolved by the spiritual genius of Krishna, and forms a very essential part of the philosophy of work. Prior to its enunciation by Him, there was a great deal of controversy over the question whether work could directly lead to human redemption. Salvation by faith or by grace was an ancient doctrine known to most religions. India had added also salvation by intuition and insight to the list. There was a body of doctrine connected with work. But it had no high ethics behind it. It taught men to fearlessly take possession of the world, and experience its joys and sorrows. But Vedic Karma was enjoined on every Sanatani in order that he may acquire religious merit after death. The spiritual unsoundness of this body of doctrine, called in Sanskrit Purva Mimamsa, has been cured by Krishna's statement of the doctrine of non-attachment in the Gita.

Non-attachment is another name for *vairagya* or renunciation. We are not asked to avoid doing work to perfect ourselves in the practice of renunciation. We may fly from work as it is irksome to us and hurts us; but we cannot fly from desire which ever grows at the heart and propels us to work. We shall have to grow in our power of renunciation then, by learning to do our work better and more usefully than we do now, with an eye for moral and spiritual values. Non-attachment doesn't mean either, that we should be passive, listless and apathetic in doing our work. Dullness is not synonymous with non-attachment. The greater the powers of mind we have for use, the better for us. The danger we have to avoid is the use of our mental powers without a high moral direction and motive. That happens, when we are full of personal ambition and extremely attached to the results of our action. Then, the circle of our affections does not go beyond ourselves or at best our family group. None of us can avoid doing work and it behoves us therefore to use our very best powers of mind, our highest intellectual gifts in doing it. There is another misconception clouding the questions of non-attachment and it is a more dangerous one. It originates from very evil-minded men, who are alas! too many in every society, and who invoke the aid of this doctrine in defence of their wrong-doing. They deliberately do wrong, injure the world and themselves, all the while, the inner voice perhaps tells them that they shouldn't do it. Then, to save themselves from reproach and scorn, they unashamedly say that they are not attached to the fruits of their actions. They shed crocodile tears and say that they have dedicated the fruits of their actions unto God. The brazenness and effrontery of these men is of a piece with another class who distort the great Advaitic doctrine of oneness and invoke its aid in defence of their acts of pillage and plunder. In the one case, as in the other, these men are dangerously meddling with very high doctrine. They thereby do a great deal of harm to the world.

Non-attachment is not thought of by a man who defiantly does wrong and gloats over it. It enters into the minds only of people who anxiously search themselves and are blaring with an earnestness to see that the work they do is attended with the greatest beneficial consequences to the race. No man who has not educated himself to do work wherein the good preponderates over evil and increasingly brings it under control can claim to know the A.B.C. of the doctrine of non-attachment. From one point of view it is taken by the worker as a spiritual support to his life thus. Even the best work done with pure motives and carefully and vigilantly, has some evil inherent in it. The motives of human action are so mysterious and hidden so far away from the best of men, that the evil lying underneath goes undetected. The best work done again is not always productive of universal beneficial consequences. What benefits one nation or community injures another—or if man is benefited, the sub-human kind is exploited. This sort of mixedness in the results of action seems to be co-eval with nature and existence. In such circumstances the wise man ought to educate himself not to claim credit for any good done by him. For better for him were it to be humble and turn his thoughts to work yet to be done, and do it with humility and love. Such a type of worker says to himself "I have done the work in the best way I know of. There is possibly both good and evil in it. I have not deliberately promoted evil: I claim no credit for doing good nor want discredit for doing evil. I am unattached to the results of action. This non-attachment is the only key I have known to the secret of work." Apparently, there is nothing wrong in this attitude.

Edmund Burke wrote that the "costlier virtues" are very difficult very nearly impossible of attainment by man. Non-attachment belongs to that class. The theory is enunciated in a moment; but the practice and the attainment of perfection in it depend upon years, if not ages, of continuous effort. Not all men who make efforts to attain non-attachment really get it. Most men perhaps merely die in the effort to get it. A good many are beaten back from the field of battle and retreat to smoother and easier experiences. A handful in any age attain it in full measure, and if even they did not attain it, it would have been given up by men in the very beginnings of history. There is that something in the minds of most thinking people which makes them venture where their betters have tried and won. Yet it must be said that it is only a counsel of perfection to masses of mankind, including even the literates. They are not even in a mood to listen to it. The home is the unit of the society. Every home is built up by the work of the master of the home and of the housewife. If children grow up, they too make their contribution to it. Wealth is needed for carrying on normal avocations in life. The amenities of life and its comforts have to be paid for. The education and upbringing of

children require money. The more money you can spend on them, sometimes the better training they get. Daily life of eating etc., cannot go on without money. The more money, the greater comfort. Inmates in every home look forward to building up the home in order that they may get in increasing measure the experiences indicated above. Every home would naturally try the same thing. Countries as a whole would try the same thing. The world has at no time a supply of the materials of comfort adequate to the desire men have for them. The result is competition and fight at all times. For one successful man there are at least twenty failures. Neither the successful man nor the disappointed and unsuccessful man heeds this mandate from within. The first man laughs if he is asked to educate himself in the practice of non-attachment. How can he who earns his riches to enjoy them with his wife and children and derives happiness from trying to make them happy, be asked to desist from getting attached to them? Of what use to him to hear that there is greater happiness in loving the race and dedicating one's achievements and acquisitions to the good of the race? The unsuccessful man likewise scorns the doctrine. If he is unsuccessful to-day, he hopes to be successful to-morrow, and in his turn crush all the possible joys of life from out of nature's mill. In the lives of all people there occur however reversals of fortune that check their career. Indeed no life is without them. Riches are not immune from them. The man of power has to become subject to them. Intellect and genius are overtaken by them. Love and compassion too are tried by them. Sooner or later, all men have their turn of suffering and pain. The small bits of suffering which attend daily life are drowned in the wine of overmuch enjoyment. But these cataclysmal changes stun us; never are we ready for them, some of us who are weak-minded utterly break down; become mad and rave on, or die instantly. Most of us are crushed by them. We then rub our eyes and wonder if we should not revise our sense of values. The object of our attachment dies; the wealth we took great pains to earn leaves us, our schemes having failed by our miscalculations. The praise we looked for in recognition of some great work does not come to us. We had perhaps played at high stakes for it. Instead of praise, cold neglect and frosty ungenerous criticism! where are we with our hopes of making ourselves happy? The mainspring of action fails us utterly. In crises like these, we may feel that we could have avoided the pain and the suffering, if we had the spiritual support of non-attachment to aid us. Pehaps, our sobriety is not long-lived; we want it, not with healthy-mindedness, but in dejection and despair. We are not much the wiser therefore for our spell of spiritual sanity. Sufficiently evolved men are awakened quickly by these blows. One such is enough to reform them; then, they change so utterly that their progress is almost assured.

Every man who has come into life and wrestles with circumstance is every day taught lessons by the environments around him, which make him master of life and take possession of destiny from some centre of strength within him. Every average thinking man must sooner or later know that excessive attachment to one's own kith and kin must prepare the way for his acute suffering on their behalf, when they either die or fall miserably ill and have protracted agonies. He must sooner or later know that he cannot give himself such airs of importance as to make people about him feel that the world's eyes are set on him for doing something lasting, something striking for it. He will find that after all the right education for him is to the consciousness, that without him or hundreds like him, the world would still spin merrily round! If he is not a public worker, disinterested and humanitarian, but one concerned merely to feather his own nest, as most men are, he will know that his achievements being outmatched by many around him, there is really no room for him to peacock over them. Then, he must know, from the deaths that daily take place around him, he too will get notice to quit. Some are summoned away even without notice or at too short notice! Attachment to life is the greatest and the most powerful tie. Patanjali, the author of the Yoga system, says gravely and wisely, that it is a sort of indecent clinging, and takes firm root even in the minds of the most learned men? Men are so much absorbed in the game of life that they little think of death. They put away the thought of death from them, as something ugly and uncanny, like the ostrich that hides its head in the desert sand, and thinks it has escaped the hunter's eyes. Every man, in his heart of hearts, desires to prepare himself for a cheerful death. He dreads pain and torture and wants to escape into the unknown. At every stage then, a man is taught that he shall not pursue his desires unchecked. He feels that for the pleasure he gets, he is more than troubled by the pain he draws in with it. That being so, any man who keeps his eyes open on the drama of life, and being an actor therein wants to escape the unpleasant consequences of actorship, and feel the disinterested joy of a spectator, cannot help learning his lessons in non-attachment.

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SCOTLAND THROUGH EASTERN EYES

Some impressions of Scotch Social Life.

(Concluded from the July issue).

BY DR. EDDY ASIRVATHAM, B.A., B.D., PH.D. (EDIN.)

To Scotch hospitality reference has already been made. It may lack something of the effusion and grandeur of Oriental hospitality. But yet it is sincere. In his ways the Scotsman does not seem to be quite so stiff and formal as his neighbour in the South. He does not usually get offended, if he is spoken to without being introduced. But this must not be taken to mean that he bubbles with enthusiasm when he meets a stranger. He is far from that. His manners are not always extra-polished; neither are his speech and accent always sweet to the ear. He lacks the ease and suavity of some of the continental people. But in his conversation, in his view of life, and even in his ordinary behaviour, he has a sparkling sense of humour which spares neither himself nor others. He is not vainly sentimental. Neither is he superficial and frivolous. There is a note of genuineness and reality in all that he says and does, which counterbalances many of his frailties.

In his treatment of servants and dependants in general, he has something of the reserve of his Southern neighbour. His relation to them is perhaps not so happy and cordial as in a country like Denmark. In some of the good homes in the latter country we do not notice the respectable distance which is placed between the master and servant in many British homes. One has even seen a mistress kiss her maidservant on her birthday, and in other ways, too, go against the established customs of Britain in the treatment of servants. The family hearth is still the centre of Scotch home life. It is a matter for rejoicing that, in spite of the many modern conveniences which have crept into the Scotch home, the hearth still occupies a prominent place. The Scottish village life is much like village life in old countries. The houses for the most part are built together in a row and not separated from one another as in America. The Scotch peasant does not have many of the comforts of the American farmer. In these and in many other respects too, Scotland seems to stand midway between an old country like India and a new country like America. Fashions in ladies' dresses are not often carried (rather reduced!) to a ridiculous extreme, except, perhaps, in cities. A healthy conservatism pervades the whole of Scotch social life, though at times the love of tradition is displayed a little too much. The habit of going to Church twice on the "Sabbath" is still generally observed, and the congregation opens the Bible when the minister reads from it. The beadle still does his duty in a ceremonious way. A spirit of reverence for elders and modesty in matters of personal merit are still common; but national pride and poverty are still some of the chief characteristics of Scotland. Top hats are still worn by Members of Parliament, Schoolboys, University servitors, and cab drivers.

The great attachment which the average Briton shows to dogs and to other pet animals is a source of amusement and even wonder to people from abroad. There are perhaps few Scotch homes which would refuse to have a dog if they could afford to keep one. Dogs certainly make good companions and friends to mankind. They are also great helpers to shepherds and other classes of people. But one wonders whether they do not become a nuisance when a person devotes practically all his time and attention to them, as though there was nothing else to do in life, or when he or she walks along Princes Street in Edinburgh with three or four of these followers.

The order, the restraint, and the sense of fair play which characterise the Scotch when they assemble together or when they wait in queues to gain admission to the theatre or music or lecture hall, are too well-known to be commented upon. Their honesty, truthfulness, dependability, and strong religious disposition, are things that any nation may well be proud of. The civility and good-naturedness of their policemen and of many of their tramway and bus conductors, are certainly worthy of imitation in other countries. The Scotch tenacity of purpose, their firmness of action, love of adventure, and a deep sense of humour in the face of the grim realities of life, are probably the reaction of a people subjected to the most fickle and somewhat inhospitable of climates and living in a country which is not specially noted for its fertility.

Among some of the objectionable things in the city life of Scotland, of which the Scotsman himself possibly does not think much, is the practice of hanging up whole carcases in meat-markets to be viewed by passers-by, whether they wish it or not. The sight of carcases for eating must be particularly annoying to many visitors from the Orient as well as to those Scotch who are of a sensitive nature. Another such objectionable custom is the use of ugly-looking, rusty, iron cups for drinking purposes, often seen in parks and street-corners. The worst feature, of course, is the dirt, squalor, and misery of the slum districts, but to go into this phase of life will carry us far afield. The uniformity and comparative rigidity of customs and manners in the matter of food, drink, dress, etc., and the standardised type of thinking fostered by newspaper propaganda, are sometimes oppressive to a visitor from abroad. To see a company of Scotch men and women going to Church on a Sunday morning, all, or nearly all dressed in black, reminds the stranger of a regiment of black ants trudging their way along, or of a group of orphans in uniform at their assigned takss.

A word must now be added about the relation of the Scotch to foreign people, especially to those who are called "coloured people"—a phrase which has the wrong implication that white is not a colour! The question of race to-day is a touchy one, and even people of a phlegmatic temperament grow hysterical over it. The average Scotsman, one ventures to think, in his relation to people of a different race and colour, is not much better than Western races in general. He may not be so outspoken as in America or in some of the British colonies. But yet one feels that he has a silent contempt for those who in outward appearance and customs are strikingly different from himself. In rural districts, the attitude toward a foreigner of a different colour is mostly one of curiosity and amusement; but in cities, it is largely one of studied disregard. Many a worthy citizen in cities like Glasgow and Edinburgh, where there is ample opportunity for a right understanding of national and racial problems, is much like the "Stranger at Home" vividly described by R. L.

Stevenson. When one ponders over the uncharitable and often un-Christian views on race expressed in public addresses and newspapers in English-speaking countries at large, one wonders whether Christianity has gone deep enough in the life of the people. What one can be sure of is that in many of these countries, the political and economic answer given to the question of race is often widely divergent from that given by religion. One can also be sure that this situation cannot continue long and that one or the other of the answers must soon give way. But in a country like Scotland which is noted for its missionary zeal and many of whose citizens strongly believe in Equality of opportunity for all, and place real merit and inner worth above artificial divisions of class, creed, or colour, we confidently hope that a true Christian view will ultimately prevail.

A REVERIE:—(AN ALLEGORY.)

BY MR. P. N. SUBRAMANIAN, B.A., B.L.,

TRICHINOPOLY.

I had just now returned from an evening walk. My legs demanded of me a few minutes' rest and I unwittingly too threw myself on my bachelor-arm-chair, while my fond memory was attempting to recapitulate my experiences of the evening. A few minutes after, a heavy fast drowsiness descended upon me and I soon fell into a doze when my active imagination preponderating over me conjured up the following fantastic reverie, too wide for an allegory and too regular for a dream:—

All on a sudden I found myself ascending up a creaky stair-case that led to which place I did not know. It was pitch dark that night and I was totally void of any companion whatsoever. I was half-way up the stairs. Whether to complete my ascent or to begin my descent were the two questions that peeped out of my transport-troubled mind. I stood stock-still for about an hour; my eyes involuntarily closed their lids; my hands were just appealing for divine help; my face was bent heaven-ward. The weather grew more chill and terrible winds roared outside. I was without any covering for me but a rag of clothes around my loins. Presently, my sensitive ears heard an unusual voice extra-terrible. It came nearer and nearer and I held fast my eye-lids. But the voice ceased altogether the moment it came just in front of me. It was surely the voice of some spirit come from afar to put me to the test. Sometime after, I slowly opened my eyes and looked straight before me. Behold then the dreamy outline of the spirit of an old man with a lawyer's head-dress, a beaming face, a pleasant look, a strong and well-built body and an upper-cloth sleeping crosswise over his shoulders.

At once I recognised in him the popular Poona Patriot and the very Tilakam of India and I fell flat upon the ground before him and stood up saying: "Ye Potter, use this clay, make it what You will". The spirit then took pity on me and launched at me a pleasant and fatherly look which I had never witnessed before. The sheer look to me was like the Christian Babtizmal waters; at once my vision broadened; my sight was clear and I was able to see for a time countless mysteries in rapid succession. Thousands of people of my own stamp were creaking and crying out of sheer hunger, while at the same time, some white pale-looking people masquerading throughout the crowd affectedly picked up the broken fragments that lay down and drew them into their stomachs with an astonishing avidity. The whole scene was brought to a close by a terrible fire that swallowed them all in a moment. But even amidst the circling fumes of smoke, I could trace the outline of my fore-stander, and when the smoke was all gone, I saw the figure still before me, but with his eyes now emitting a radiant lustre and an extraordinary flash reeling around the boundaries of his pupils.

The spirit then led me down the descent and through many deep caves and cuttings under the rock, through many a hoary and awful spectacle, until at last he stood motionless at the foot of a huge tree with clustered leaves and branches. Around its stem was a shining serpent entwining itself in such a close manner as to become part and parcel of the tree. The serpent which was all the while hissing and making dreadful noise now maintained an attitude of perfect silence and at sight of the spirit glided down and vanished in the distance.

Then the spirit began to climb up the tree and I followed him too, rather quickly for fear of the snake's sting. We went up and up until we got tired, but still we could not reach the top. The fruits of the trees sometimes encouraged us and yet I grew weary very often and troubled my leader to wait for me. He too yielded to my requests and led me rather slowly.

But now came the danger to me. A slippery part of the stem without any knot or eruption to ensure firm footing had now to be crossed. Being rather poor at climbing I was perplexed for a moment; my leader was far ahead and I cried for help in vain. At last, I determined to make the attempt myself, and surely did I put it to practice. I got up inch by inch, but as soon as I was half-way up the danger, I missed my footing and I slipped my hands and feet and down, down I went with my heavy body and all.

Oh now, what a difficulty, what a difficulty hang over me! My body was unevenly balanced and when the accident came all on a sudden I found myself rather in an undesirable position and when I went down and down, I made beautiful somersaults after somersaults (and feeling then rather very sorry for the loss of such fine somersaults which could have well paid me in a circus theatre), I continued my journey down, when with a heavy motion, I collided with a flying parrot which at once breathed its last, and now, the dead and the living made race with each other, until at last we safely perched ourselves on the sacred feet of a tall, lean, "loin-clothed man" who had come down to the foot of the tree. The man was at first astounded at the appearance of two unexpected beings from unexpected quarters. But he quickly overcame himself and with an attitude of perfect saintliness and sacredness he cast a noble welcome glance upon us two and began to pick up the dead parrot first which drew more of his attention. At once the parrot was on its legs and began to cry out "G ...... G...... G ......". Like that it cried three times and then perched upon his broad shoulders and giving him a kindly kiss in the bird's fashion took to its wings and vanished in the distance.

Now then he turned his attention on me, and after feeding me with all his kindliness inrtroduced me to a certain well-known gentleman

Mr. S.... Wheel" through whom he wanted to carry out his mission and implored my help for the same. I quite well agreed with him and the moment I approached the newly introduced gentleman and drew nearer and nearer to him it seemed as if my sensitive ears experienced a series of violent explosions and subsequent waillings of men, women and children as though many thousands of people from afar were being shattered by a multitude of marvellous gunfires. I closed mine ears with my hands then, and slowly opened them; and till my ears keen as they were, were susceptible to the mighty reverberations of the former sound. So then I started for a second and my imagination leading me astray brought me among a grand gathering of people seated around a triple-coloured flag, wherein merry cups and shouts and hurrahs went round; and I feeling rather disagreeable with my pinches of hunger determined to get at one such cup and stretched forth my hands bere and there, but on quickly awaking and looking around me I found nothing but my old bachelor arm chair on which I had fallen asleep!

'K' ON GRAY'S ELEGY

By 'V'.

Mr. K's article on Gray's Elegy amused me at first, but soon after set me thinking. I was trying to put myself in his position and view the poem as he did. That was rather impossible for me, for it was a wrong position. No work of at can be judged aright unless we view it with sympathy and with the artist's eye. To try to analyse it piece by piece in the light of cold reason only tends to hide the beauty thereof. It is the work of the scientist to analyse, while that of the artist is to appreciate the beauty of the whole. The one is analytic, the other, synthetic. A certain temperament and a certain emotion are needed to view a thing poetically. It is not to all everything is a fit subject for poetry, and it is not so to the poet himself. It is a peculiar vision that transforms even the meanest object into a thing of beauty, and it is this vision, and this alone makes the true poet, as the sharing of it with the poet, makes the right critic. True standard is lost when this true vision is lost. A critic who cannot understand it is bound to find unpardonable nonsense in the poet and his poetry.

But for such a vision on the part of the poet how can we for a moment admit, "See, what a lovely shell ......Frail, but a work divine!" If we fail to share this vision of the poet how silly appears his rapture over the shell. How can we understand without that vision, the thrill of pleasure for and Kinship with nature which Wordsworth feels? To him a blade of grass or a creeper meant a world pulsating with life and closely related to his soul. Can we ever analyse by reason this peculiar sympathy of the poet? To us it is a mere blade of grass, green, when it is green, withered, when it is withered. Thiruvalluvar says that the child's lisp is sweeter far than the flute. Is it so? Is it always so? Is it so with every child? What a grand synthesis is that of the poet. Analyse it; reason it and Oh! how untrue it is! Take Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. To the latter Duncan's death was but an ordinary deed as every other deed was; only it led to the golden round. Giver a certain cause, a certain result follows. No more. But what was it to Macbeth? Was Macbeth weak of heart, a coward? Had he not killed men in fight and seen death in the face? Why, then, did he tremble at the very thought of Dancan's murder? Lady Macbeth was prosaic while Macbeth was high-strung with emotion. The fever of his emotion and imagination painted to him Duncan's murder in darkest colours. It was a horror. It "grew puissant" and "the strings of life began to crack."

It is a pity that Mr. K. has taken it into his head to seriously question the validity or force or application of the stanza ending with the line. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave", the stanza beginning "can storied urn" etc., the stanzaof the might-have-been and the one on the gems and flowers. Regarding the first I shall only refer him to "Death, the Leveller". What does the poet commend there? Does he want the sceptred hand to hold the scavenger's broom. "Thou art dust, to dust thou returnest". What does this mean? The high and the low, the literate and the illiterate, the illustrious and the obscure all become one when life parts. While Death levels, Life creates a distinction which is the inevitable result of the incidence of birth. The poet only deplores this that while birth has given an advantage to the rich over the poor in that they have greater opportunity of acquiring knowledge, the poor suffer for want of it. Perhaps, better circumstanced some of them might develop their natural abilities that must otherwise remain latent. Does the poet say that all would become Miltons and Crom. wells? Or, does he stipulate wealth as the only condition of becoming renowned? Conversely does he aver that the opulent are necessarily renowned? What is this reasoning of Mr. K,? He grows vehement and is carried away by it as "the musk-deer with its own scent". It is only my wish that his reasoning has the flavour of musk. Unnecessarily he is hard upon the poor rustics of Stoke-Pogis. Poor souls! they cannot answer him. His vehemence against the poet, like the Johnsonian vehemence and prejudice, has made him hard against the rustics. He has ranked them with the cattle they grazed. It is fortunate he did not liken them to any corn in their hoof. We cannot understand how those poor men tread on his corns. It is sheer luck that they escaped the unnecessarily long journey along the equator only to be dubbed at last "a rude block of illiteracy, a sheer animalism."

If we take seriously our friends' argument it is high time that we closed our educational institutions and proclaimed a cessation of all activities to bring up the backward classes by education. It would save us money and trouble.

Burn's genius could not be repressed. True. Chatham's genius did not fructify in his eldest son and only partially fructified in the younger Pitt. This is also true. No genius begat a genius. If it be so it is an exception proving the rule.

Gray admits the power of wealth. Says he "Chill Penury repressed their noble rage". A greater argument in favour of the potency of wealth cannot be said.

Mr. K. says, "No one ever thought that the fleeting breath could be called back, not even Gray". Does it require then a Shakespeare to say "All that glitters is not gold"? Which fool would mistake a glittering trinket for the shining gold? Does the poet reveal anything that has escaped the attention of others? Lear says when Cordelia dies "I know when one is dead

and when one lives". Is this poetry in the light of reason? Can not one know whether a person is dead or not? Again the mad Lear cries "Cordelia, Cerdelia, stay a little" and later still "Thou wilt come no more, never, never, never, never, never". Who thinks she will come? Lear was mad and we may excuse this mad utterance on his part. But is not this madness exacted at every death-bed? This madness was, is, and will be. This was the madness of passion, of passion for the dearest child, which broke through the madness of sense in Lear and found utterance in words. Take the word 'never'. What meaning, what intense force is added as each time it is repeated! It is the highest expression of supremest emotion. Lack the emotion and 'never' is a common word of five letters.

ஆண்டாண்டுதோறும் அழுது புறண்டாலும் மாண்டார்
வருவாரோ மானிலததில்.

Has this verse metamorphesed humanity? It is a subtle truth revealed to the world? But all the same the truth of it has not gone home. What does this indicate? Man is not made up only of reason. There is the other side, the emotional. The right evaluation consists in understanding the emotional side also. It is true of a poet too. Unless we feel the emotion of the poet, we cannot appreciate his poetry. Reason can never be the only test. Man's very life, his faith, home and the beauty of his existence are built upon his emotion. The beauty of "Can storied urn.........." can never be beu nderstood unless one feels with, thepoet. Commonplace and ridiculous as it may appear to reason, its beauty in the contest remains unsullied.

The pearl and the flower have an intrinsic value, and that value is a kind of market value. It is thus—value is the result of demand and when there is no demand for a pearl, it is no better than a piece of glass How does the pearl in the ocean-cave or the flower blossoming in the forest gain value? They are uneconomic goods. So were the villagers whose intrinsic worth, (*i.e.*) their undeveloped virtues, lay buried in the dark ocean-cave of illiteracy and the gloomy forest of their ignorance where no ray of light pierced.

I shall not quarrel with Gray for his initial blunder "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day" and I am not disposed to quarrel with our friend, Mr. K., for his attempt to damn the poet for this stupendous blunder. In spite of our friend's learned and scathing analysis, Gray's place among English poets is secure as in spite of Gray and his Elegy the illustrious English dead are buried in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

... ... a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH POETRY

BY MR. C. S. KRISHNA IYER, M.A.

(*Concluded from the June issue.*)

Next comes the method of stimulating the appreciation of poetry. The teacher's expression of his own admiration for the lines he reads is pretty sure to kindle a responsive flame. The influence of his own taste is thus likely to be the most effective instrument. Though it is true that full appreciation comes only after understanding, it is quite possible to have some sort of appreciation much before understanding. As Swinburne remarks, "A child with any ear or eye for the attraction of verse or art can dispense with Analysis and rest content to apprehend it without comprehension". The teacher should not, however, put his own tastes and prepossessions too much in the foreground. Taste is a personal matter and we can no more explain our subtle appreciation of the beautiful in poetry than we can explain our joy in the myriad charm of nature.

There are two more methods of stimulating appreciation, one of which has fallen somewhat into disuctude, while the other is becoming increasingly popular (in England), learning by heart and the writing of original verse.

Poetry which is learnt by heart under compulsion and fear of punishment is not only valueless to the learner but likely to associate the reading of poetry with a feeling of distaste. It used to be held by Faculty Psychologists and advocates of Formal discipline theory, that by this process of learning, the faculty of memory was exercised, so that the boy who memorised poetry would be able to remember everything—dates, faces, place names and what not. But the faculty psychology has been exploded and the recent researches in Experimental Psychology go to show that the memorising of poetry will only lead to an increased ability to memorise more lines and that there is not one memory, but there are different memories.

Nevertheless it is true that appreciation both leads to the learning of poetry by heart and is itself stimulated by it. Learning by heart when properly employed is a means to a fuller appreciation. But there must be some appreciation to start with. So every boy need not be—and should not be—asked to memorise the same passage. The enthusiasm for the passage must be aroused first: then it could be memorised with profit. Such memorising enlarges and enriches the vocabulary: it cultivates the sense of rhythm, supplies the store house of memory with wisdom and ethics. Much of what is partially appreciated then takes on a new meaning and beauty in later life. "Poetry is to be learnt because it is a thing of inestimable worth in life, because life would be the poorer and the narrower and the baser without it, because through it man is exalted beyond the petty bounds and limited horizons prescribed by custom because it may encourage him in hope and console him in distress."

Here arises the question as to which method is preferable—learning by units or learning by sections. Experiments have disclosed that while for immediate repetition the time occupied by one method is for most individuals not much longer than that occupied by the other, the first method, *i.e.*, by units is to be preferred, because a passage learned in that way is retained for a longer period and poetry should certainly be a durable possession. In fact, it ought to become a part of life. For this, the will to remember alone will not suffice; the pupils should also have intellectual appreciation and æsthetic enjoyment and the teacher should take full advantage of those aids to memory that result from comprehension and appreciation in the fullest sense.

The usual way of setting a certain number of lines to be learnt by heart on a certain day is not at all the right procedure. On the other hand, the

teacher must first prepare the ground by intelligent questioning as to the meaning of the poem, its development to a climax, the transitions of thought and feeling and the connection of parts. This way of elucidating and discussing every possible element of form, diction, etc , together with training the voice is itself more than half the work. By that time the general shape of the piece as a whole is in the pupil's mind and large sections of lines are there too in their correct order, if the piece is without any serious flaw in construction. The gaps may then later on be filled in by mechanical will-learning.

Some at least of the poetry so learnt by heart should be chosen by each pupil for himself from some good anthology; for he will thus be encouraged to show his own predilections. It is also desirable that throughout the school course the pieces that have been learnt should be revised from time to time.

Writing of original verse is undoubtedly one of the chief means of stimulating appreciation, though it is not its only end. Many may consider the idea of encouraging High School Boys to write original verse in a foreign language as nothing less than preposterous! One should not, however, overlook the fact that the aim of our universities is to enable the youths to appreciate the best in English literature and not simply to gain a working knowledge of English as an international commercial medium. And as High schools are but the feeders of the universities, the practice of encouraging boys to write original verse need not provoke any cynical laughter. Though men like the late Mr. Seshagiri Iyer might say that Indians cannot write good English poetry, Prof Seshadri, P. R. Krishnaswamy, Chettur Brothers, etc., will continue to write poetry, sometimes good poetry too When it is remembered that some poems of Sarojini and Toru Dutt have been highly extolled by eminent English critics, one should be guarded in asserting somewhat dogmatically that Indians cannot write good English poetry.

Anyhow, it is undeniable that a boy who wishes to write a ballad or a sonnet will read many ballads or sonnets with a close scrutiny of technique. His work in the beginning will be very largely imitative, but into his imitation he may infuse his peronality sometime later and thereby become a true creator. He will not only obtain a clearer recognition of what is essential in form, but he will become imbued with the spirit which makes poetry "a living force".

Mr. Smith says "There are probably one or two poets in every class of boys and the only reason why they do not shine in later life is that sufficient encouragement is not given to them, that the scope for their expansion is limited at too early a stage." This may not be altogether untrue of our schools as well. That genius must inevitably manifest itself in spite of obstacles is not wholly true. Granting that there is ability, it may not bear fruit if the opportunity is wanting and the will is weak. It will only become atrophied and in course of time perish. Hence it is quite possible that in encouraging a boy to write poetry, the teacher may be breeding a true poet who needs no rules whatsoever but only the environment of sympathy and friendship.

Moreover, the making of plays and writing of poems are not to be regarded as by-products in the teaching of English. They are an end in themselves. "They are the consummation of inherent forces that have their play in childhood."

Then again, it is right that children should write poetry, for it is more primitive than prose and is an instinctive immemorial human need. Their poetry will be similar to folk poetry and will have a special excellence unproduceable by grown up educated people, because it is artless and unsophisticated.

To sum up: Great care should be taken in choosing the right material for children; the poem must be read well so that an appeal is made to the ear and the poetic emotion is roused; more attention should be paid in the beginning to the content and the explanations should be reduced to the barest minimum; the subject matter may be made more interesting by treating it in historical or biographical aspect; the form or technique must not be overlooked, as the workmanship forms an intrinsic part of the poem: appreciation should be made as full as possible. Boys may be asked to learn by heart select poems—those which appeal to them most; learning by units should be encouraged in preference to learning by sections, as that is more useful for larger retention. They may also be encouraged to write original verses and the same might be published in the school magazine.

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Students' Page.

MODERN COLLEGE LIFE IN INDIA

BY MR. S. KRISHNAMURTHI.

Mr. Beauchamp in editing the work of Abbe Dubois on Hindu manners and customs in 1906, just a century after the author first published the book, has observed that with any people other than Hindus, such a work would soon grow out of date; but with the Hindus, there is no such fear. Such is their conservatism, and institutions whether indigenous or transplanted on this soil, share the same qualities and move onward in the path of progress with hardly detectable velocity. I make this preliminary remark so that undue importance may not be attached to the word "modern" in the title of this essay.

In the same way as an University is defined as "An assemblage of colleges with professors instructing students in the sciences and other branches of learning", which definition does not apply to our Universities, which is only a dignified examination board—so also the definition of a college given in any English Dictionary, as an "Educational Corporation or body forming part of University," is not the appropriate definition of a college in India. If there is an Anglo-Indian dictionary, the definiton would have been something to the effect that it is "A big school which delivers lectures to batches of students, who pay the prescribed fee and keeps the necessary term, and prepares them for the annual examination of the University to which the college owes allegiance." Practically, they are coaching houses with a squadron of tutors, munshis, masters, &c., who armed with 'Catechisms,' 'Grinds,' 'Text-book Examiners,' and 'Annotations,' coach up students for the public examinations.

Colleges could be divided into two prime divisions, Arts colleges, and Professional or Technical colleges. The former specialise simply in imparting cultural education. Some students proceed direct to the Technical Colleges, but the majority pass through the Arts course. The Arts colleges themselves are again of two grades, the first or the second, as they impart collegiate course of four years and prepare students for a degree, or bundle them out into the world with intermediate certificates.

Colleges could also be divided into residential and non-residential. The former class like what we hear is found in western countries are practically non-existent in India, though several missionary institutions try to approximate it in some degree by developing the hostels attached to the colleges and making them part of the colleges. Still, the kind of a college like the Viswabarathi for instance, should become common only in future. Leaving those institutions where the ancient Gurukulas are sought to be revived both in name and spirit, the generality of institutions called colleges are only schools grown big. The building is bigger, the Headmaster becomes a Principal, and the instructors go by the names of professors or lecturers instead of teachers. That is all the difference. Therefore it is that a school-boy who leaves a school and enters a college finds no change of routine in his life.

His school-day begins with the roll-call at 10 or 10 30 A.M. The professors come in succession to the common lecture hall or the students, go from one Hall to another to hear the lectures and sometimes both happens. Classes and sections are shuffled; there are joint classes and separate classes and all kinds of permutations and combinations, the determining factors being the available elbow-room in the college buildings, the strength of the staff, the finance of the college, and last but not least, the whim of the Principal. There is a cessation in the dosing of lessons at 1 P.M., when there is a stampede of students to munch their midday lunch in the tiffin room with the help of a water-shed Brahmin and his array of mud-pots and the usually leaky water-pipe. The other students who either do not mind the tropical sun, or could boast of carriages, go home to take their afternoon meal, while the college staff betake themselves to the teachers' room, partake lunch, discuss college politics, correct answer papers and students' exercise books, or con over their lecture notes, while a happy few take their inevitable afternoon seista. The head-peon is the store-keeper of chalk-pieces, dusters, ink-bottles, and the custodian of unclaimed property. His duty is to mark the march of time and the gong sounds at 2 P.M. or it is only 2 P.M. when he sounds it. The students scramble up into their seats in the lecture halls and again the lessons begin. The work of the day is over by 4.30 P.M. when a select lot bounce off to the foot-ball ground or the tennis-court or betake themselves to the library, while the majority wend their way home, to the hotel, or the hostel and console themselves as having kept one more day in the term. This might be taken to be the history of the life of every typical college student. The college is only a perpetual lecture-hall, where lectures are heard for a fee, and the lecturers and the lectured meet during stated hours, converse at a distance, barricaded by tables and sloping desks between and part company at 4.30 P.M, the one to go home and his hostel, and the other to his family or the club. This kind of detachment was not a feature either of ancient Hindu educational institutions or even in college manned by such pioneers of education in India, for instance, Dr. Miller, Messrs. Porter, Gopal Rao of ancient, and Appu Sastrigal of current fame.

In conclusion, while everything is done in modern colleges to facilitate specialisation, while its laboratories are provided with Bunsen burners instead of spirit lamps, while its library increases, not to speak of the increase in college fees and also of examination fees, still modern college life is lacking in some material elements. There is a marked want of *esprit de corps* amongst its students, and a love or reverence to the *Alma mater*, as a result of a want of sympathy between the teacher and the taught, and also a want of feeling on the part of the teachers themselves that they are something more than servants of an institution. Again Colleges as they are at present worked, do not enable professors to supervise the lives of the students at the most pliable period thereof and thereby the benefits of a real education in the shape of moulding the character of the pupils are last. Yet times are changing and let us hope colleges may still become centres of real culture in future.

LOVE'S LABOUR GAINED.*

By Mr. U. S. Ramachandran,

Periyakulam.

It is evening; the crimson rays of the setting sun are resplendent with excessive splendour, because "it is soon to dive deep into the ocean;" the silvery moon is just emerging out its head from her "interlunar cave" to see if her brother has resigned the world in her favour. All beings are fast returning to their homes after their day's labour; the woodcutter with a bundle of wood on his head, the hunter with a slain deer on his back, the cows richly fed in the green pastures of the woodland lawns, crying "Ma, Ma" running to the homes eager to give their calves the essence of their food in the shape of milk,—in fact all were longing for a rest after the day's toil. Even "the etherial minstrel of the sky" after its last "full throated song" in the sky, "pouring its balmy showers on the toiling mortals below", is climbing down from its celestial heights to its nest in the tree; the crow, the cuckoo, the parrot, and all are fast flying towards their shelter at night. 'Solemn stillness holds the air' and even the 'busy woodpecker' is afraid to disturb the silence by its noise. It is a time for reflection, a time for meditation upon God, a time when Nature's charms are best appreciated.

At such a time one might see two young friends—their countenance beaming with joy and radiance, with clasped hands and bent heads treading their paths along the avenues of a garden. Both of them were given to reflection and were sufficiently gifted to understand and appreciate Nature's charms. They had chosen this garden as the sight to feast their imagination with and the garden possessed the charms and grandeur of natural beauty far beyond their expectations. Nature was rich and luscious in her growth; what with the gigantic trees with outspread branches far reaching the very heavens, what with the sweet fragrance of the flowers which lifted any passerby from this mundane sphere of sorrows and trouble to an ideal state of perfection and purity and made him forget himself for a while, what with the rich produce which the trees had for their owner in the shape of mangoes, apples and oranges which were so full-blown and innumerable that "they fell on the laps of an idle dreamer as he slept beneath them"—with all these the garden reminded one of the gardens in Paradise which the holy couple enjoyed ere they were tainted by misery and woe. There was an air of natural grace and beauty around the garden. Our friends of course with a natural bent of mind for appreciating nature's charms in her naked simplicity untainted by artificial sophistication, found sufficient material to feast their imagination with. Need it be said that they felt themselves joyous and elated on perceiving this grandiloquent scene? "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever", and it was so for our friends.

Hari, the elder of the two, enjoyed the softening influences of education to a higher degree than his younger friend Gopal; he was an undergraduate; but he was the poorer of the two. Still this did not prevent them from being friends that they were, for true friendship is a union of soul to soul founded upon mutual sympathy and pity. Theirs was an ideal state of friendship. Hari was explaining to Gopal the various external manifestations in which the quintessence of God's beauty was displaying itself and was actually giving him a key to understand the real mystery and beauty of God's creations. Gopal of course responded with an equally good appreciation of nature and the two friends were thus betaking themselves to every nook and corner of the garden to see if anything still remained worthy of being seen and enjoyed.

It struck seven: the chaste beams of the silvery moon had darted their cool rays far into the sky and still the friends were not satisfied with their evening's enjoyment. Who has not felt nature's charms to the full and still craved for more? In fact the very moon enhanced the beauty of nature and the friends were lost in admiration.

The friends were thus exploring all the yet to be seen treasures of the garden when it was almost eight o'clock. Still they had no idea of returning to their homes. They entered the fourth corner of the garden where a footpath was seen. Thinking that it must lead to some mansion or villa, they trod along when Gopal, the more musical of the two, heard a soft tune floating in the air, hailing from afar. That seemed to have given an electric shock to the friends and brought them to the solid earth again from their dreamy flights in the fairy land of imagination They realised that they had overstepped the limits of time. Gopal was for turning back, but Hari, either to have a sight of the person that breathed such melodious music, or for reasons of safety, thought it better to take the footpath, reach the mansion and from there to learn their way back home. Gopal fell in with the proposal.

* With apologies to Shakespeare for amending his title.

(To be continued.)

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INDIA AS KNOWN TO EARLY GREEKS AND ROMANS

(*Continued from the July issue*).

BY PROF. N. RENGASWAMI, M.A.,
Vizagapatam.

Then come the days of the Greek ambassadors in the courts of Indian kings, the third period of contact of India with the West. Alexander departed and died. Three large kingdoms arose from the ashes of the Alexandrian conquests, the Seleucids at Antioch, the Ptolemeys in Egypt, and the old line in Macedonia. Seleukus Niketor crossed the Indus once more and sustained a defeat at the hands of Chandragupta Maurya, surrendered Kabul and Herat to the Indian monarch and entered into marriage relations, exchanging presents with him. All this before 302 B.C. Megasthenes was Seleukus's representative at the court of the Satrap of Arachosia, sent from there to Chandragupta at Pataliputra. Whether he came to India only once or paid repeated visits is still in doubt. He took the royal road from the Indus to Pataliputra 1,150 miles long. With him and Eratosthenes begins the Greek attempt to define the geography of India, to fix on a map positions of rivers, mountains, cities and tribal regions, the length and breadth of the land, and to provide a sort of travellers' guide for foreigners visiting the country. Here is this parting of the ways from nebruous hallucination to historic and geographic realities. No substantial information we could get from the works of Magasthenes's successor in the office of envoy, Diamachus of Plataea, or those of Dionysius who was similarly sent by Ptolemey Philadelphos of Egypt to the court of Bindusara or Asoka. A subject of deep interest for these men was the distance from north to south, from the mountains to the mouth of the Indus, and that from west to east, sea to sea. Each of them gives his own figure and no two agree. To the list of these disputants about the size of India may be added another intelligent Greek, Patrocles, commanding officer in East Iran under Seleukus I.

The area of India was estimated by Onesicritus as $\frac{1}{3}$ of the habitable earth. Nearchos put the distance between the Indus-mouth and the Ganges-mouth as covering four months journey. The following table gives the comparative estimates of these early geographers :—

	N to S.	W to E.
Eratosthenes	1493 miles	1838 miles.
Patrocles	1724 ,,	1724 ,,
Megasthenes	2563 ,,	1838 ,,

Eratosthenes is nearest to accuracy. Even he shifted in his map Cape-Comorin (77° E. Long.) to a longitude more east than the Ganges-mouth beyond 90° E. He did not fully escape the two common errors of the day about India, viz., exaggeration of size and a faulty orientation of the lie of the land.

Another chapter of wonders opened to them on Indian soil, the strangeness of phenomena in the sky, wind and the wave. Both Megasthenes and Eratosthenes discovered that in the region of Mt. Maleus (melaya parvati) shadows fall towards the north in winter, and in summer to the south for six months alternately. 'The two Bears are in that part of the country visible only once in the course of the year, and not for more than fifteen days'. The torrential monsoon rains of the upper Indus valley and the rainless zone of Scindh were also noticed by them. The rising and falling tide at the mouth of the Indus was an equally strange experience for the dwellers of the land-locked Mediterranean. The abundance of water and sun's heat all over the country caught their attention, and to this cause they attributed, with a scientific spirit, the fertility of the soil and the richness of the crops. The sweetness of the sugar-cane juice and the wonderful flexibility of the branches of Indian trees they ascribed to the 'coction' (cooking) that takes place within them under the agency of heat and moisture. 'The reed that makes honey without the agency of the bee, and stones dug up, of the colour of frankincense, sweeter than figs or honey' were their other surprises.

Though Megasthenes makes a nearer approach in the comprehension of truth than Ktesias, he is not fully free from credulous overstatement in his description of Indian men, animals and birds. He refers to the 'Kerkion' (Kuyil) as a remarkable bird. The hunting of the 'Savari-dear' for the sake of the hairy tuft of its tail receives a vivacious description. 'Serpents in India', says he, 'grow to such a size that they swallow stags and bulls whole'. His notices of Indian men and their manners are intelligent and appreciative. He praises their honesty, simplicity and love of truth. His imagination sometimes runs riot, as when he speaks of Hyperboreans who live a thousand years, and other men without mouths. How nearly akin is this to the description of Kabandha by the poet of the Ramayana! 'The Pandai live in 300 villages, and their females bear children at the age of Seven and are old women at forty. Then as now truth was mingled up with half-truth. Indian philosophers were according to him, of three classes, Brahmans, Sramans, and Buddhists. Some of their theories coincide with those of the Greeks, he says.

Megasthenes's record about the political condition of India is more authentic and has been mostly accepted by modern historians. 'The Indians had sent out no colonies, nor had they received any'. His list of Indian races comes to 118 in number; he describes their territories, and gives distances between them and their chief cities. Much ingenuity and laborious scholarship have been spent in the identification of these nations of India. The Prasii of Maghadha, the Andarae (Andhras), then the second military power in the land, and the Dardae of Kashmir are the most notable. Herakles, he believed, was the founder of the Pandyan ruling house, setting up his daughter as the supreme sovereign of the south. Alli Arasani, the famous consort of Arjuna, might have been one of these powerful rulers of the old Pandya Nadu. Most interesting of all the accounts of Megasthenes and of most value for historical study are his descriptions of the city of Palibothra, of the methods of government in vogue at Chandragupta's court, and of the public and palace life of the king.

While Nearchos praises Indians for their cleverness in handicrafts (they easily imitated the Greeks in the making of sponges and oil flasks), Strabo remarks that their ways of mining and smelting are primitive; they possess accurate knowledge only in the science of medicine. The fame of South India as the land of pearls had already reached their ears. Megasthenes describes the gathering of shoals of oysters and the extraction of pearls from them. But more elaborate and familiar notices of the places and people of South India were the work of the sea-faring merchants of the Greeco-Roman world which belongs to the *fourth* and last period of this discourse.

(*To be continued*)

...-600 008.

SCIENTIFIC PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND ITS POSSIBILITES.

By Mr. R. Natesa Iyer, Jamshedpur.

Though the phrase "physical education" is familiar to us all in the sense of some exercise or other to the muscles of the body, still there seems a good deal of confusion mixed with not a little error as regards what it precisely connotes to a systematic student of athletics and what it has been held to mean really in the minds of men of remarkable brawn and brain all the world over. It is therefore a vital question to find out the exact nature of the interpretation modern experts on the subject have come, through long study, thought and experience, to put upon it. We cannot deny that the great Eugen Sandow's visit to India in the year 1905 awakened our spiritual land to the significance of physical cultivation from a rigourously scientific standpoint at the time and seemed to give an unprecedented stimulus to the pursuit, till then desultory, irregular and only occasional, of the practical aspect of the problem and stirred all the juvenile school-going population to take a very keen interest in the development and well-being of their bodies in the first place. There was a great stir throughout the country and her youthful generations seemed on the threshold of a new era so far as true physical strength was concerned. But it is not always that a great movement makes headway steadily and gathers its force; for a brief period the sensation and stir created by his superb physical proportions and scholarly platform speeches were alive and a handful of athletically-inclined young men here and there had the benefit of this short-lived, though extremely wholesome, reaction. Then there was a long lull accompanied by a waning of interest in the art generally attributed to the strongly marked spiritual bias of the sons of the soil. We now make bold to say that we have so far lived a one-sided and unbalanced life and consequently have had to painfully witness a general degeneration of Indian physique below the desirable standard. The great principle of all-round and harmonious development of all the different powers we have been endowed with we have been obliged to recognise to some extent only lately, and of the penalties of partial and one-sided cultivation of the human faculties we have had enough of unpleasant evidence. We are forced to admit now, though against our traditional leanings and unreasoning prejudices, that we cannot get on any longer as a nation of dreams and insights and spiritual treasures without taking a systematic course of scientific physical education into the fold of our various interests and activities, which fold, strangely enough, goes on ever widening as years roll by. To keep pace with this expansion of legitimate interests and activities we direly need an abundant store of vitality springing from a well-developed organic and muscular power; otherwise, there is surely a deplorable collapse waiting to befall us at what time we cannot now say. In other words it is found that there is a peremptory urge on the sinking Indian nation (sinking, in the physical sense) to take at once to the subject and ransack its aspects as exhaustively as it can, in these days of endless facilities.

Now to my subject. At the outset I should like to assert that "Scientific Physical Education" is not identical with Gymnastics, Sports, Games and other out-door recreations and hobbies. It claims a special field of its own. The majority of Indian college students always confound this with anything that calls for muscular exertion, irrespective of other essential things without which the muscular exertion is mere exertion only and no "exercise". A very sharp line of demarcation is to be drawn here between mere muscular exertion and muscular exercise. Bare exertion of the muscles, dissociated from the concentration of the mind thereon, will only tire and exhaust them without proportionate and satisfactory return of results in the shape of physiological and functional and muscular efficiency. "Exercise", strictly called, has this fundamental factor of mental enthusiasm and focussing fully thrown in; exertion ignores and overlooks it. Hence the vast gulf between them never to be bridged unless and until we are prepared to throw our entire mind into the 'exertion', or take away from 'exercise' the mind we are supposed to put into it! In either case we are reducing them to the same level. Exercise is exercise and exertion is only exertion; they cannot exchange positions for purposes of physical education without settling their scores with the watching mind!

(To be continued).

DHRUVA—Canto 3.

By Mr. B. Pattabhi Ramaiya, B.A., L.T.

(Continued from the August Issue)

The sage then said, "O Lords divine,
You tried distractions all in vain.
The only course now left to you
Is just to speed the end in view.
So go you all to the Milky Sea;
Your hapless plight let Vishnu see,
That pity for you his heart may move
And make him quick your pain remove,
By going to young Dhruva soon,
And granting him his long-sought boon."

The gods then thanked the sage divine
For kindness shown and counsel fine.
His work was done; he left the hall.
To Vishnu went the deities all.

There, floating on the sea of milk
Lay Vishnu, clad in yellow silk.
And Sesha, the snake with many a head,
In coils lay and formed his bed.
His vast expanding scaly hood
O'er Vishnu's head for a canopy stood.
And Lakshmi sat at Vishnu's feet
As for a loving spouse was meet.
High up on Vishnu's lotus sate
Creator Brahma, god of fate.
The vehicle, Garuda, prompt for flight,
On sleeping pinions soared in sight;
While round about, forming a ring,
Angels hymns were heard to sing.
The sky-blue god there lay reclined
In seeming sleep; but yet his mind
Was all alert to help distress
And evil doers to suppress.
The sharp-edged discus did he hold
To kill at once wrong doers bold.
That death of such the worlds might know,
The deity held the conch to blow.
His jewelled crown and necklace fine
Like a thousand suns were seen to shine.

The gods came there next break of day,
To Vishnu sang the morning lay.
And hymns of deep devotion too,
They sang as was in duty due;
And when he oped his lotus eyes,
They did of trouble him apparise,
And begged him soon Dhruva to see,
And from their misery set them free.
And Vishnu said, "Both night and day,
I know Dhruva to me doth pray.
The scare I see that ye are in
Doth prove him holy—free from sin,
And so deserving of my boon,
Which I shall surely grant him soon.
Ye gods may now from me retire;
You'll soon be free from Dhruva's fire.
The gods proceeded back again,
Each one at once to his domain.
And Vishnu, on his winged steed,
To Dhruva went with lightning speed.

THE LATE Mr. S. KRISHNASWAMI AIYAR OF THE KUMBAKONAM TOWN HIGH SCHOOL *and his Memorial Hall*

(Opened on the 4th September 1926, by the Rt. Hon'ble, V. S. Srinivasa Sastrial, P. C.)

The late Krishnaswami Ayyar presided over the destinies of the Town High School for about twenty-two years, from 1882 to 1904. Those were days when Headmasters had much to do by way of teaching. As teacher, in general, he was most admirable and as teacher of English he was par excellence a master. Himself a fine scholar, he inspired in his pupils a taste for and a sense of the beautiful in English Literature. His lucid exposition combined with his rare resourcefulness would compel the most wistful attention from the worst idler or dullard in class. His sympathies and love for pupils were deep and discriminating Whatever his subject of teaching, the preparation he would make and the enthusiasm he would evince were most striking. Indeed he was a teacher looked up to as a model.

As Headmaster, he was in general unsparing in his criticism and would never tolerate neglect of duty in his assistants. He was at the same time quick to appreciate merit and work and hard-working men could without doubt count upon his support. He had a genuine solicitude for the well-being of his school and never spared himself in advancing its interests. One who laboured so hard and so discriminatingly for the school really deserved well of it and of all interested in it. It was most fitting therefore that his friends and pupils and the well wishers of the school should have thought of perpetuating the memory of his connection with it in some suitable form.

When he died in 1913, a meeting of the public was held to give expression to their sense of loss at the sad occurrence and it was then resolved to arrange to erect in his honour a suitable memorial as an adjunct of the school to which he was so much attached. A Library Hall was decided on as a suitable memorial.

Efforts were made to collect subscriptions for the memorial, but they were slow in coming and the accomplishment of the object was even despaired of for long. Thanks to the kindness of some donors, Srimath Samasthanathipathi Avergal, Zamindar of Udayarpalayam and Mr. K. V. Krishnaswmi Aiyar, High Court Vakil of Madras, in particular, the liberality of the Department of Education and the Co-operation of the Authorities of the Town High School, the projected construction has been complete, and the good school has a magnificent hall in front to house its grand collection of books in.

There could be no better memorial to the late Scholar-Headmaster than a Library Hall and the good School wanted nothing so badly as a Library Hall. In the new construction have been satisfied alike the two wants. 'May the good School with the Memorial Library Hall prosper long and well and the departed worthy that the hall commemorates rest in peace!' is the devout wish of the common well-wisher,

R. Swaminatha Aiyar.

ON BOOKS AND BOOKS-MEN

I. BOOKS.

A Text Book of Algebra

By Mr. A. V. Harihara Iyer, B.A., (Hons.) L.T.

Math. Assistant, Municipal High School, Cannanore. Price Rs. 1-8-0.

The book under review is a laudable attempt on the part of the author to meet the requirements of candidates appearing for the S.S.L.C. Examination. There are very few good text-books adapted to the S.S.L.C. syllabus, and Mr. Harihara Iyer's supplies a real want. The work embodies an intelligent survey of the subject, displaying a fine sense of proportion. There is an easy transition from Arithmetic to Algebra. The chapter on formulae and integral functions is impressive. Examples are numerous and model solutions in plenty. With answers at the end of the book and an Appendix containing S.S.L.C. Examinations Questions added to it, the volume will be found to be of immense help to pupils. The book is handy, the get up neat and the cost cheap enough. It may be safely recommended as a Text-Book for C. Group Algebra in all Secondary shools. Rau Bahadur P. V. Seshu Iyer, Principal of the Kumbakonam College, has given a neat foreword to the same.

II. (JOURNALS).

By 'Kantha.'

The Advertiser, Baroda. We are indebted to the publishers for their courtesy in sending us a copy. It is not ambitions in its aim, but restricts itself to the needs and aims of Secondary Education in Boroda particularly. A learned article by Dr. Bhattacharya on Santaraksita, the great Buddhist monk or Sankaracharya of the Buddhist, is worth deliberate persusal. We shall be glad if the revered Doctor gives us something of the life of themuch esteemed monk. Shiv Dass writes a small note on the necessity for a Board of Employment. We do feel that the South India Teachers' Union, Madras, will take up the idea and work it up which may mean strengthening the bonds of teachers into a trade union, besides making the union and is annual sessions really a force in the country. We congratulate the publishers of the *Advertiser* on their useful propaganda.

The Law College Magazine, Sept. Issue. We are pleased with the number published by the new Editorial Committee. Two short articles on lawyer's experiences, with a short sketch of Justice T. V. Seshagiri Iyer and an interesting newsbit

that a lady member sits on the Representative Council of the Law College are the attractive features of the present number. We are glad that the metropolitan college is still thinking of the mofussil worthies and thinks it good to spare a page or two in its magazine in praise of one of the giant intellects that addressed the Tinnevelley Bar, the late Hon. K. R. Guruswami Iyer. We do feel any way that the magazine can give its readers more matter, making the contents appear more attractive and in a better form. We wish all success to the new Editorial Committee in its endeavours.

The Children's News, Delhi. Hats go to the special Annual issue to hand! One of the best Children magazine-issues we had the pleasure to receive this season. From cover to cover, the magazine is full of interesting articles and news-bits. Besides, pages devoted to Games, Stories, and cross word puzzles add to the welcoming nature. The printing is excellent. We dare say that Mr. Raman has taken all pains to see the special issue being particularly charming and we do hope that he will supply such nice dishes, every month. Every father ought to supply his son with a copy of this special number and it is but the barest and simplest expression of paternal love; if not duty.

The Garland, Bangalore City.

The combined issue for June and July contains the first of his series of articles on his story in Western Europe by Mr. A. S. P. Iyer (I.C.S.) and Mr. S. V. Ramamurthy's (I.C.S.) address on the 'Educational Reconstruction', and 'Universal Brotherhood in Islam and Christianity by Mr. Hanifa. Persons responsible for the magazine will please publish hereafter shorter articles and not make a monthy, really parts of a book. We confess our experience of tedium in reading the magazine through and we earnestly advise our contemporary with pardonable presumptuousness to restrict the pages to each article and publish a good number of articles on varied subjects. We hope we won't be misunderstood. Otherwise the issue is an excellent with articles provoking thought and exceedingly agitative in their import. Its get up is good and our hearty good wishes go with the editor.

Home and Homœpathy, Calcutta.—July Number. An excellent magazine of vital importance to all educated young men dealing with all aspects of life ailments and their cures in a way easily understood by an ordinary student. Contributions are from eminent men who are specialists in particular subjects but are written in the layman's style to the use of all. The journal appeals to the tastes of all from the invalid in the sick bed to the soaring poet. We echo the sentiment most warmly as lie embedded in these lines:—

For in serving fellow mortals
We best serve the Father too
And in lightening their burdens
Ours grow light and fade from view.

The magazine starts and ends with a mission, an ideal and a practice, noble and inspiring, and it deserves the support of all.

Outdoor Life. Our excellent well-edited neat little Scout contemporary from Colombo, illustrated with scout sketches and brimful of scout notes and contributions. It is published with great care and enthusiasm that is observable in al the pages. Its get up is excellent. It is the official organ of the Boy Scout Association of Ceylon, and it well deserves the support of scouts all over India. Annual subscription is only Rs. 3.

ABOUT AND AROUND

Senate Elections

For the ensuing Senate elections of the Madras University, the following among others have announced their candidature. It will be observed that some of them are educationists and others, enthusiasts evincing active sympathy in the cause of higher education. It behoves all eligible graduates therefore, to register themselves immediately and exercise their franchise in their favour. Statistics show that the Metropolitans have been monopolising most of the seats, and it is high time that the mofussilites take note of this and bestir themselves. It is quite opportune that special efforts are being taken in this direction among the teacher graduates by the South India Teachers' Union. We hope that its endeavour will bear fruit, resulting in a return of deserving candidates in larger numbers from the mofussil.

Names of Candidates

Messrs.

1. S. S. Suryanarayana Sastri, M.A., SC., Bar-at-law President, Madura Teacher's Association.
2. Prof. S. K. Yegnanarayana Iyer, M.A., President, South India Teacher's Union, Madras.
3. N. S. Visvanatha Iyer, B.A., B.L., Vakil, Madura.
4. A. Gopal Menon, M.A. Maharajah's College, Trivandrum.
5. A. Rengasami Iyer, B.A., B.L., Vakil, Madura.
6. Rao Bahadur G. A. Natesan, Madras.
7. Rao Bahadur K. B. Ramanathan, M.A., Mambalam.
8. Rao Sahib M. R. Ramaswami Sivan, M.A., Coimbatore.
9. S. Lakshmana Iyer, B.A., L.T., Saidapet.
10. M. S. Sundareswara Iyer, M.A., L.T., Madras.

We have great pleasure in inviting the support of registered graduates particularly to Mr. S. S. Suryanarayana Sastri, one of our Editors, Mr. S. K. Yegnanarayana Iyer, one of the ardent champions of the Teaching Profession, and Mr. N. S. Viswanatha Iyer, known to our readers by his literary flashes and his enthusiasm for real cultural studies.

For the *Headmasters' constituency*, we understand Messrs. S. K. Deivasikhamoni, B.A., L.T., of Trichy and P. A. Subramania Iyer, B.A., L.T., of Madras are standing as candidates. Headmasters are aware of the substantial contributions of these gentlemen to Education in South India and we trust they will co-operate to return the two educationists once again to the Senate.

Three great Educationists honoured

Kumbakonam has honoured herself in honouring three great educationists recently this month, with the Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri consecrating the functions. Rao Bahadur S. Appu Sastriar known for his selfless and large-hearted sympathy in the cause of Education, and about whom a sketch appeared in our columns a year ago, has been the recipient of another recognition of his meritorious services in the shape of a portrait in his School Hall. Mr. R. Swaminatha Iyer, B.A., L.T., Headmaster (retired) of the Town High School about whom we had observed in our editorial some time ago, has been suitably honoured by his numerous pupils and friends. It is gratifying to note that greater honours are in store for him, and we are glad to publish an appeal elsewhere in our columns in behalf of this noble step on the part of the organisers. We trust friends, pupils and admirers of Mr. R. Swaminatha Iyer will liberally contribute towards making the endeavour a real success.

Last but not least is the opening of a grand Memorial Hall in honour of the late Mr. S. Krishnaswami Iyer of the Town High School, a teacher and Headmaster of remarkable erudition and ability. A brief note of his splendid attainments appears elsewhere from the pen of Mr. R. Swaminatha Iyer, his successor to the office.

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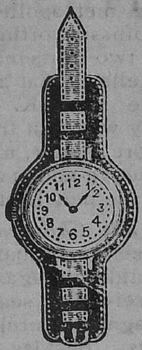

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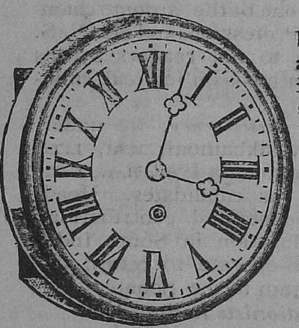

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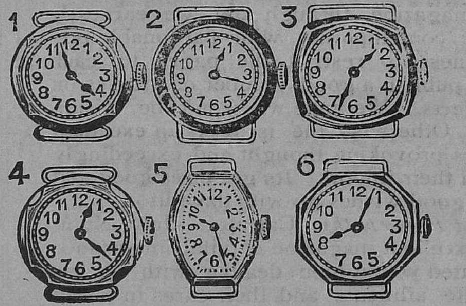

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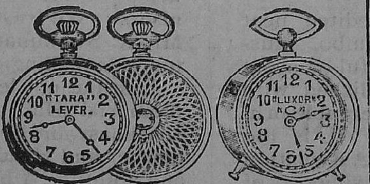

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AN APPEAL.
Memorial to
Mr. R. Swaminatha Iyer.

THE pupils, friends and admirers of Mr. R. SWAMINATHA IYER have in meeting assembled resolved to honour his memory in a handsome manner. He has been connected with the Town High School, Kumbakonam, as Teacher and Headmaster for nearly 35 years and it is but appropriate that a great educationist of such longstanding and of such wide reputation, one who has devoted the flower of his life to the Town High School should be becomingly honoured and his memory should be duly cherished. It is proposed that besides presenting him with a Souvenir on the occasion of the unveiling of his portrait in the first week of September, a permanent endowment be instituted out of the proceeds of which scholarships may be awarded to the poor deserving boys of the Town High School. It is estimated that this may require about Rs 5000. Liberal donations are invited. The donations may be sent to Mr. K. ARAVAMUDA IYENGAR B. A., B. L., Pleader, 14, Karnakollai Agraharam, Kumbakonam.

N. Tiruvengadatha Iyengar,
President.

Swaminatha Iyer, Memorial Fund Committee.

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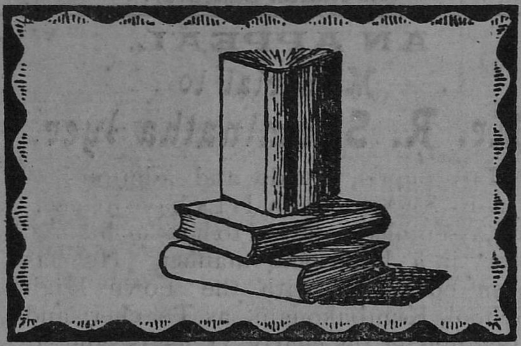

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